Conflicting Desires

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Conflicting Desires

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Summary

Hannibal Lecter is fascinated by the little being - no more than four inches tall - that he has captured within his own home.

Now, he must consider which he prefers more: their company or the chance at swallowing his prey whole.

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Will knew he shouldn't have moved into this fucking house.

Notes

:333

having recently binged on reading a bajillion Hannibal fanfics, I hath been hit over the head by the fearsome yet not entirely sane hand of iNspiraTion

TWs(-ish) at end

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal could say with surety that, despite his particular diet, the thought of consuming a person whole has never quite crossed his mind.

Now, however, as he stared in utter captivation at the squirming, writhing being he had trapped within his fist, there was but a single, hedonistic place his contemplations turned to.

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Will knew immediately that he'd screwed up in coming here.

There wasn't any obvious reason, no, nothing overt, but the chill in the air, the lack of any life from the smallest ant to the unwanted rodent, the preternatural silence of the place as a whole…

Will should've turned back as soon as he'd stepped in. Maybe he might've, if that'd been a choice.

It wasn't though - not for him. To start from the beginning, to say he'd been exiled would be a friendly way to put it. Hell, he'd been on thin ice ever since his Dad died nearly two years ago; he was honestly surprised the community had let him stay as long as they did.

They hadn't been a big group - their kind couldn't be, with the risk it'd carry - with just over a dozen amongst them spread out amidst the walls of Old Miss Betty's house. They'd mostly been older, around Will's Dad's age, with only a couple close to Will. Who happened to be an actual couple. Which was... great.

That wasn't what made him the outcast of the group, though - not that alone, at least.

Will was just… *different.* He was reclusive, and quiet, and he avoided physical contact from everyone but his father (who always seemed to know exactly when what types of touch would be appreciated - a firm clap on the shoulder, a gentle nudge to the side, the rare, soft hug). He started to go almost strictly on solo scavenges as soon as he was capable enough to do so (by his father's stern standards, which meant at around fifteen), despite the community frowning on excursions out of the walls and into the open expansiveness of the home not being taken in at least pairs.

More than any of that, though, was the fact that Will saw too much. Not in the most literal sense of the word exactly, but definitely something close to it.

He guessed the best way to describe it is that he saw past the whole idea of there being 'more to a person than meets the eye.' Mostly because he always *saw* that 'more' part when he met someone's gaze. A single look at Susan told Will she'd been hoarding more than her fair share of food in one of the less traversed areas of the house. A glance at Roth told Will that the guy had sprained his ankle but was putting on a brave face for his partner, Beck, and so on and so forth, though unfortunately not always about things that were so mundane or benign.

By the time Will was old enough to think - or know how - to hide his *'gift,'* it was too late.

That too, he could see in their eyes.

They thought he was a freak of nature (more so than their entire species was already, in a way). To them, he was a blight on their kind, with his unnatural ability to rip all of their secrets straight from their minds.

They put a mask over their dislike in front of his Dad, though.

Will knew the man saw through it anyway.

It was why he didn't push Will to socialize with the others as much as he might've, otherwise. Not until the very end, at least. Not until those last few, agonizing days.

"Will," he said, his breath more of a wheeze. He reached out a trembling hand to grasp Will's wrist, his grip surprisingly strong. "Things'll be different, with me gone," he rasped gravely, his dark eyes unwavering as they met Will's own blues.

Will had tried for a chuckle. He failed. "You're telling me," he said anyways, even knowing the joke would fall flat.

His Dad didn't bother trying to explain himself; he knew Will knew. That the community would close off to him as soon as Franklin Graham was dead and gone, all his respect and achievements taken with him and leaving an unwanted, unneeded Will behind.

"Will," his Dad repeated, his teeth gritted against the pain in his chest - from an illness unknown and incurable for their kind - "You need to try," he stressed, fingers digging into the tendons of Will's wrist.

Will swallowed dryly. He nodded, shifting his arm to grasp his father's wrist in turn. "I will," he promised.

And he did. Try, that is.

That was probably the only reason he'd lasted there as long as he did, the other members of the community lurking around like sharks trying to catch the scent of blood to finally corner their prey.

But Will did his best to be a 'good boy.' He stayed quiet but not *too* quiet and he stayed out of the way as much as he could without seeming avoidant. He offered to work with others - which sometimes worked but more often than not just meant that he could at least say he tried and they'd refused him - and he kept his gaze away from other's eyes so he couldn't see the secrets in them or the fear they had of him doing just that.

So he lasted a year and some change.

Until that young couple - Anne and Kris - had a baby, and Will was summarily kicked out.

He'd almost call it anticlimactic, but only in presentation.

Simply put, he was given an ultimatum (But no explanation. They all knew there was no need for one): either he left his home of twenty-three years while they watched, or they killed him right then and there. He could see in some of their glinting eyes that there was an option they preferred.

The former was barely less of a death sentence than the latter, but Will would rather let death find him out in the unknown than at the hands of the people who'd hated him for his very existence for the vast majority of his life.

...Maybe that'd been stupid of him, to not take the easy way out.

But he was here now, in the house one over from Old Miss Betty's and the only one that was reachable at all, for him.

Even getting to this place had taken an entire day's journey in just the trek alone - doubly so with everything else factored into it.

Even though he didn't have to lug anything around with him except for a single fishing hook and a pocketful of breadcrumbs, there was more than enough to worry about in his surrounding environment.

Having lived in the same house for over two decades didn't mean he'd never seen the outside, as much as he'd never actually explored it. No, there'd been plenty of windows in the home, and, on the rare occasion, he'd risked exploring to the outer walls to get a peak outside and feel the foreign sensation of fresh air in his lungs.

This was all to say that Will was well aware of the dangers. Like the cats.

Yeah, the cats.

He wasn't sure how many, exactly, but there had to be at least half a dozen. He was pretty sure they were 'neighborhood' cats and not exactly strays, but that didn't change much in the grand scheme of things. Cats were cats, and Will was the perfect size for prey.

So, he'd had to be careful.

He didn't stay out in the open, and he found as secure of spots as possible whenever he began to tire, not willing to risk having to outrun one of the predators when he was already low on fuel. Every time he caught even the slightest hint of one of the felines being around, he'd mute his breaths down to near nothing, hunkering down in place if he was upwind or racing for nearby cover if he was down.

Even with all his caution, he'd had a couple of close calls in the form of other creatures.

One in the shape of a bird - a crow, the damn intelligent, winged bastard - that'd nearly gouged his arm with its sharp beak, leaving a thin scratch along his bicep instead that'd throbbed and beaded blood but thankfully scabbed with little issue after his escape.

Next was a fucking cockroach. He hated the things with a *passion.* They were ugly, fast, and *vicious.* Will had barely avoided getting chewed on by the thing's disgusting, protruded mandibles before he'd gotten his hook jabbed through the unprotected spot beneath its head, piercing it through. It'd twitched and jolted for hours after that, and Will had to finally resort to bludgeoning it with a nearby sharp pebble until it finally went still so that he could safely retrieve his hook.

So here Will was now, in the home of a stranger with no way of turning back but dread filling him at the thought of moving forwards.

As if hearing his thoughts, a loud crash of thunder had him flinching, and it was immediately followed by the sound of pounding rain pelting itself against the house's tiled roof in angry, unforgiving sheets of raindrops that'd each be nearly the size of his head.

Will swallowed an exhale.

For now, it looked like he was stuck here either way.

Chapter End Notes

TWs: thoughts of vore; insect death

Will, literally 4 inches tall: *steps into a cannibalistic serial killer's home*

aHHHHH lmk what you guys think!!!!

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

uhuhuhu some more intro stuff ;3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will’s first look at his new (temporary) home’s owner was less than a day later.

Having spent the majority of the time before that just exploring the insides of the walls for a secure place to set up base, it was already turning dusk again by the time he saw the man through the slats of the vent showing into the dining room.

A single look, a single thought:

Predator.

Will hadn’t stayed long to observe, after that.

Even so, the sight felt like it’d lodged itself into his mind. This human was nothing like Old Miss Betty with her short (for her species) stature and her frail limbs, with her weary-jointed walk and her poor eyesight.

No. This giant was able-bodied. He looked to be in his forties or so, but even the three-piece suit he wore couldn’t disguise the firm outline of muscle beneath it. He was sitting when Will saw him, but that didn’t hide his undoubtedly towering height nor his wide-set frame either.

And when he took a measured bite from the fancy-looking plate of food set out in front of him, a chunk of meat larger than Will's entire torso easily disappeared past his maw.

What *really* managed to chill Will to his core, though, were the man's eyes.

Not exactly brown, not quite the color of rust. More than their unusual hue, though, was how Will couldn't glean a single thing from behind them - like water off a smooth rock.

It wasn't normal. Hell, it was *abnormal.* Will had been able to read Betty just as easily as he could any borrower. And yet he saw *nothing* behind this human's eyes.

And that…

That was *terrifying.*

So, Will had left, and he'd distracted himself by exploring some more, the rain still beating against the windows in a seemingly never-ending deluge.

He mostly stayed on the ground floor, since hiking up to the second was an undertaking in and of itself, and the rooms there were so pristinely kempt that there really wasn't anything for him to scavenge, anyways.

He visited the basement once.

Just once.

It was cold (too cold for someone as small as he was, who couldn't retain body heat as well as a human could and didn't have thick enough clothes to help him do so), it looked meticulously kept, and the only things in sight were a table full of wicked looking tools, another table with thick, black straps in multiple places, a strangely out-of-place-looking plastic tarp set-up, and what looked to be a large fridge or freezer.

It also had that sense of dread that'd never really left him crawling its way back up his spine until the hairs on the back of his neck stood on end.

So.

Just the once.

The only thing was, after having thoroughly explored (finding a comfortable enough spot in a hollowed-out nook near what he thought was an office space) and scavenged the bare means of what he'd need for his own survival (too wary of taking more at the risk of his theft being noticed), Will found himself gravitating towards the giant.

Not fully - *God* no. Will wasn't *suicidal.* He just meant that he'd sort of taken to watching the human whenever he came home.

It was almost a morbid fascination, in all honesty. Kind of like watching a horror movie even though you knew there was a jump scare around the corner. The other borrowers had done just that on more than one occasion when Betty's T.V. had been left to play through whatever was on.

All this to say - Will was sure the man wasn't normal.

He seemed more like an actor playing a part than a real person. Too perfect, too meticulous, too controlled.

Even here, in his own home where he had to think he was alone, he was behaving that way. Like the suit he wore was a costume and it covered more than just skin deep.

-

It had taken Hannibal just under a week - six days, to be precise - to allow his suspicions to solidify into fact:

He was being watched.

The first incident in which he had felt eyes upon him, he had been in disbelief. He had not allowed the sentiment to show, of course, instead continuing to cut into his thick, succulent slice of long pig without pause, but his guard had been raised and he had no plans to easily allow it to fall.

In that first incident, the sensation of being watched had faded quickly, and he had constrained himself to finishing his meal before he began his search.

He found nothing.

No cameras hidden within the nooks along his walls, paintings, or light fixtures; no microphones taped innocuously under his table or his chairs. His curtains had been closed too, and there was not a living soul in sight.

But Hannibal had not survived so long, especially not as a free man, by allowing himself to fall lax and wave away his own intuition.

Thus, he feigned proceeding as normal, all the while waiting. Watching and waiting.

He was not disappointed.

Less than two days later, the gaze returned upon him, and with it, a thrill of anticipation within Hannibal's gut. This was a novel experience for him - one he had yet to discern whether he fully appreciated or not, but novel all the same. He would savor it until he brought it to its end, for which he had no doubt he would do so.

He was a patient man, after all. An endurance hunter, if you would.

It was only a matter of time before the culprit behind his feeling of being watched (however it was they were doing so) slipped up and revealed themselves to him.

And then...

Well.

His meat stores *were* rather in need of fresh goods.

Chapter End Notes

Ah, Hannibal, Hannibal, Hannibal - our favorite Cannibal.

Will:

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Hehehehe hope you're enjoying so far ;3333

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will's been here for just shy of two weeks now. The rain had slowed to a drizzle before finally coming to a stop around four days ago, but a chill had swept in to take its place. Even inside the home, the temperature had dropped a few degrees; outside would be uninhabitable for him.

So he was stuck.

Again.

And, as per usual, he's been doing his usual activity for this time of day: watching the home's giant. One 'Dr. Lecter,' Will had found out his name was after the human had answered his phone with a formal yet polite, *"Doctor Lecter speaking."*

Today, Will was letting himself get an aerial view of his single form of entertainment. Really, there was almost nothing else to do in this mausoleum of a house. There was no radio (the only time he heard music was if the good doctor himself was playing, and that'd only happened once), the T.V. was never turned on (hell, there wasn't a T.V. *to* turn on in the first place except for a single one in an upper floor guest bedroom), there wasn't anything left out to scavenge (everything was meticulously well kempt, and Will was already beginning to struggle to find enough crumbs for sustenance), there were no ants or other small bugs to busy himself with shooing out of the home (it was almost… disturbing, the lack of life even at such a small scale), and Will was still stubbornly set against constructing himself a more permanent residence within this house's walls.

So, watching Dr. Lecter was the only thing he had left to do.

Morbidly, it didn’t feel all that different to that time he’d stood on the other side of one of Old Miss Betty’s windows as a bird pecked furiously at the glass in front of him, its sharp beak striking the clear surface before his chest with vicious intent.

Yeah, it felt like that, in a way, except somehow *more* menacing despite the lack of bloodthirsty purpose being aimed at him. Maybe because there wasn’t a thick, protective layer of glass separating Will from the giant as there had been with the bird. Maybe because he felt like there was always a 'yet' to be added to the end of his statement.

Physically, though, there was only a ceiling grate through which he peered down amongst the shadows to watch the man consume his meal to separate the two of them.

Every bite had Will shuddering with a dichotic mix of emotions, tongue parched as he swallowed dryly. Still, he couldn’t tear his eyes away, forced to watch how the giant savored every bite as if it was the most delicious thing he’d ever tasted, lips closing around his fork and eyes falling shut with languorous contentment. Like a lion consuming its easily slaughtered prey.

The entire portion of food was roughly equal in size to the entirety of Will’s former community - all ready to be downed in one sitting.

Bites sliced with a wickedly sharp knife and stabbed onto the prongs of a sterling silver fork. Tastings as small and delicate as one of Will’s arms to as large and full as Will’s entire self, if he curled up into a ball.

All of it washed down the throat of the giant with deep swallows of blood red wine.

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Hannibal’s nostrils subtly flared as he gently set down his utensils against his plate, a faint scent catching his attention.

It was not the first time he had scented the anomaly, though it was the strongest thus far.

It smelled of sweat and mud and dust, primarily, though with no trace of fur to suggest it was a mere pest that had had the poor fortune of attempting to make residence within Hannibal’s home.

There was an additional note to it, however - one so faint it was only now he caught a true inhalation of its tantalizing perfume - that caused Hannibal’s chest to pound a beat stronger with that of his heart for all of the second it took for him to calm himself. He allowed himself another, deeper inhale, and, any other time, he might've found humor in the way he responded to the aroma not unlike Pavlov's dogs, salivating as he savored the unique, ambrosian fragrance that settled thick as honey upon his tongue...

Fear.

-

It was Will's fault.

He'd gotten too careless. He’d gotten too stuck in his head. Too lost on the thought of those monstrous mandibles parting open and swallowing him whole to notice the predator before him had taken pause under his glazed eyes.

That was, until the giant’s head snapped up unerringly to Will’s spot crouched over the grates in the ceiling.

Maroon eyes seemed to pierce right through him even though there was no way they could see him through the darkness of the slats, and Will couldn't stop his immediate reaction: he flinched.

He flinched, and he lost his balance.

There was nothing behind him to catch himself on. He took pride in his impeccable sense of balance formed over his years of life as a borrower making it a necessity, but his temporary loss of it had cost him, and there was nothing to hold him up.

The slats of the grate underneath him weren't tightly knit crosshairs of metal - they were wide apart. Enough so that, as he tilted backwards and failed to grab onto anything to pull himself back upright, he fell straight through one of the square openings towards the distant ground below. He managed to twist his body just as he passed, though, and his fingers caught onto the grate, wrenching painfully at his shoulders and drawing a noise of distress through his twisted lips as he dangled helplessly above the abyss below him.

Then, there was a shift of fabric, as concussive as a strike of thunder, and Will froze where he hung. The only reason he didn't drop right then and there was because his fingers froze with him, locking in place over the thin bar of metal he hung onto for dear life.

In his brief haze of unsecured panic, he'd momentarily forgotten what'd caused him to lose his balance in the first place.

He remembered, now. Oh God, did he remember.

And as he turned his head to the side with growing horror, he finally met eyes with the most terrifying monster of all.

Chapter End Notes

DunDUnDUNNNNNNN

Will: *smells like Fear*
Hannibal:

AHHH watcha think ;33333

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

heehehheheh this is fun to write :33333

hope you're enjoying!!!

And thank ye for the yummie comments!!!! :DDDDDDDD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

For a moment, Hannibal remained in a state of shock that was utterly unlike himself, wherein he did nothing but stare at the diminutive figure dangling by its thin arms from the grate of his ceiling.

Only for a moment, however.

It took him twice that to stand, briskly walk the three feet over to where the minute being was now struggling desperately - fruitlessly - to lift itself back up, and it was then that the little thing's head snapped to the side in his direction, face nearly too small for Hannibal to make out.

Nearly. But not quite. In the brief span of a second, Hannibal cataloged the creature's delicate, impossibly small features, from its twitching button nose, to its quivering lower lip, to its glistening, fear-bright eyes. A corresponding increase in its scent came with it, and Hannibal luxuriated in allowing the mouthwatering fragrance to fill his lungs.

"I don't recall inviting you into my home," Hannibal mused softly, lips curling upwards in the corners as he watched the being's arms tremble with the strain, its face turning red from the effort despite its bloodless lips still revealing its terror.

He could tell the creature had comprehended what he had said, as its head had jerked back in a sort of horrified fear that could only come with understanding.

How *interesting.*

And how fortunate for Hannibal, that he preferred a more intimate setting in his dining room and had thus chosen a home with that in mind, the ceiling comparatively stout to others and well within reach.

It was a simple matter to stretch up and pluck the little thing straight from its precarious perch, and Hannibal's pulse throbbed headily as the creature let out a warding scream at his hand's approach, unable to put up any resistance as Hannibal's palm enclosed around its delicate frame, slighter than a bird's.

He could feel the staccato beat of its heart pounding a tattoo against his flesh, the rhythm far past the point of worrying in its pace - had this creature been human.

It certainly appeared to be, for all the difference in size. Although it was now encased in Hannibal's fist from its narrow shoulders to well past its knees, Hannibal had had plenty of time in the sparse moments beforehand to analyze its features. Truthfully, nothing at all had seemed to be disproportionate, the only 'oddities' being its rather ragged clothes that appeared creased with dried mud, which similarly streaked its pale yet flushed cheeks and likely played a factor in the utter tangled matt of its hair.

Its face was angular, jaw sloping to a rather narrow point, and its storm blue eyes were nearly indiscernible in their color due to the tiny thing's size as well as its blown-wide pupils and constantly flickering gaze.

Little limbs kicked and punched and thrashed desperately within the confines of Hannibal's fist, wordless cries escaping a warbling throat only to cut off with an aborted scream as Hannibal tightened his grip just fractionally. He did not hurt the curious being - not yet, at least. His action was only to remind his new little creature how easily its frail frame could be mangled and snapped within Hannibal's fist, which was now the comparative hand of God - immeasurable in its power and indifferent to the desires of that held within its grasp.

-

Ohfuckohfuckohfuckohfuck - was an endless chant inside Will's head, his heart in his throat and his mind scrambling around him as he struggled to pull together a single coherent thought.

The overbearing warmth from the giant's thick skin trapping him within its grasp was saturating Will through his clothes, sweat from both the heat and his adrenaline-inducing terror feeling like it was seeping from his every pore.

Think, he screamed to himself in his mind. Fucking ***think.*** He needed to get out of this - now.

The sooner he tried escaping, the better his chances were at it being successful. He cursed himself for having left his hook back where he'd made a temporary nest for himself in the house's walls; he'd been working on threading some string through the loop of it to make it into a sort of functional grappling hook on top of being a semi-decent weapon, but - in all of his stupidity - he'd left it behind.

Now, the words the monster had whispered to him felt like they were curling around his ear in a twisted lullaby of a threat, said lightly to bely the danger to them. Will in that moment didn't have a single fucking doubt in his mind that this human disliked - no, *hated* - rudeness, and what could be ruder in the giant's eyes than someone taking up residence in his own home without his permission?

Will didn't plan on sticking around to find out what the human had planned as punishment for him, though.

That in his panic-hazed mind, as soon as the giant finally made to lower his arm, Will made his move.

The shift in angle meant that the giant's grip on him loosened back just fractionally, and Will took that moment to wriggle like a goddamned worm so he slipped right out of the monstrous fist around him and came free onto the steep slope of the giant's wrist, which was still angled upwards.

There was a shocked sound, but Will barely heard it, already racing up the giant's arm with as much speed as he could pump into his legs.

There was a shockwave of air, and instinct had Will throwing himself forwards just a hair's breadth of a moment before there was a booming *clap,* and he couldn't control the urge to look over his shoulder even as he kept running to the giant's own.

The Doctor's other hand was clamped over where Will had been not even a half second before, and Will's legs nearly gave out on him as a fierce tremor wracked his body, terror narrowing his throat to the size of a thimble.

That would have *crushed* him.

Broken a couple ribs at the very least.

Definitely would have incapacitated him and left him helpless for whatever the monster had in store for him.

Will cusped over the giant's shoulder and promptly threw himself right off it.

Coupled with everything else going on, it was one of the most terrifying experiences of his life.

It wasn't an accident, though - tossing himself off the giant. What he was doing was basically a controlled freefall. He hadn't launched himself away from the human's body, since he was using the man's back as a really, *really* poor ramp, considering it was at a nearly a complete, ninety-degree angle slant.

Will's legs pumped desperately with each 'step' he took down the human's back, not even managing one footfall for every five inches, probably. It was barely enough to slow him down, but it would have to be enough that he wouldn't get seriously injured on impact with the ground.

Borrowers were built for falls, though. Much larger ones than humans were, comparatively.

‘Two stories’ looked like nothing even though all those actors on the T.V. always made it seem like such a big deal.

Unfortunately for Will, the giant was much taller than what Will's kind considered a two-level building.

Abruptly, Will was ripped free from his half-hysterical thoughts as the surface he was relying on suddenly shifted just as he’d reached the giant’s knee, and his controlled free fall turned into a plain and simple, open *fall.*

A second later, he hit the ground.

Over a decade of practice meant he landed in a roll, body absorbing some of the shock of the landing but still sending painful jolts through his shoulders and back that would surely bruise.

He didn’t have time to think about that, though - let alone to physically pause.

He stumbled to his feet, wincing as his leg throbbed like he'd pulled a muscle, and set off in a sprint in the opposite direction from the giant he could hear turning around behind him.

Chapter End Notes

Will: *on Hannibal's shoulder* YEET

-

AHHH watcha think?!????

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

dooootototoot

huhuhu run Will run

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal had not been expecting the ingenuity used by the creature. He could freely admit, despite its apparent understanding of the English language, he had not anticipated it to be particularly intelligent.

This was a thought he soon corrected, with how the being managed to escape his grip, his subsequent attempt at admittedly heavy-handed recapture, and then proceed to dive off his back without hesitation though clearly not without thoughtlessness, Hannibal quickly realized.

A brave little thing, it was. And clearly not stupid, either, since Hannibal turned in time to see it land in a roll before shooting to its feet with hardly a stutter in its step, appearing unaffected from having fallen the equivalent of a high rise building.

Quite the nimble critter, too, quickly covering the expansive-seeming distance of the ornate carpet laid out before it. Its thin little legs pumped rapidly as it raced across the floor towards potential cover - an effort in futility. After all, it stood hardly taller than Hannibal's index finger in height; the chances of it escaping him were nill. Though, that was not to say the chase could not be *enjoyed.*

A slow, creeping smile worked its way upon Hannibal's lips, which spread apart to reveal far too many gleaming white teeth, and his eyes fell half-lidded as his nostrils flared with another savoring intake of breath. He swallowed languidly around his pooling saliva, the creature's taste nearly felt upon his tongue.

Only then did he part his lips to speak once more, toeing off his oxford shoes as he did so. “Is my uninvited little houseguest running away?” he purred. It had been so long since he had been given the opportunity to truly indulge in the *hunt* of his prey - with it being aware, that was. For him to revel in the chase whilst knowing the inevitable outcome: his own success.

The tiny creature’s steps stumbled at his words but did not pause as it raced for the nearest cover: the dining table.

The irony was not lost upon Hannibal, and a dark, throaty chuckle shook loose from his chest, his posture shifting forwards as he prowled after his quarry.

“How *unconscionably* rude.”

-

One of the most disturbing things for Will to realize as he ran for the table was how much he had to strain to hear the giant moving behind him.

Except for the Doctor’s words (which were *horrifying,* thanks), if Will hadn’t had his enhanced hearing, he wouldn’t have heard the slight rasp of socked feet moving across carpet or the shift of lapels of a suit brushing against the cloth beneath it.

And it was only thanks to the massive, ominous shadow falling over his form that Will had enough time to throw himself forwards and out of the giant’s reaching grasp just fast enough to feel the edge of a fingernail scrape across his back, the wind from the motion buffeting him forwards and onto his knees.

He hastily scrambled back onto his feet and darted forwards again, not risking a glance backwards. The mahogany opulence of the giant’s dining table loomed overhead, but Will was quickly realizing with growing dread that it wouldn’t be enough for suitable cover.

He hadn’t had a better option, seeing as to how it was the closest piece of furniture besides the chairs, but it didn’t provide any nooks or low-lined surfaces for him to duck into to temporarily escape the grasping hands that he had no doubt were coming for him again.

His spine tingled, and there was another *whoosh* of movement behind Will. He sprang forwards again to try to avoid it, but the human had already learned from the last time.

The hand didn’t come in from the side like Will had been expecting. Instead, it came thrusting forwards straight towards Will from behind, which meant that it kept coming until the massive palm of the giant’s hand collided with Will’s back hard enough to knock the breath out of his lungs with a solid, forced exhalation of air that sent him careening forwards right into the monstrous fingers that curled inwards in front of him and swiftly caged him tight into the palm that pressed itself against his back.

Will struggled desperately, a high-pitched keen tearing out of his throat that was so drenched in primal fear that his lungs spasmed with it, and the only reason he didn’t follow it up with another was because of the massive index finger nearly as long as he was tall that pressed threateningly against his diaphragm, squeezing more air from his tight lungs in a warning to cease his attempts at escape.

Will wasn’t given the chance to even decide if he’d heed that warning before he was being lifted up off the ground fast enough to have his head pulsing and his stomach joining his heart in his throat.

The fist holding him turned, and Will’s blood rushed from his head fast enough that he knew his face had to have turned chalk white. Less than a human foot away, his eyes collided straight into the blown-wide, pitch-black pupils ringed with dried-blood red of the undeniable predator that had him in its unforgiving grasp.

Chapter End Notes

Hannibal & Will be like:

aHH thoughts? :3

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

some Will POV, some Hannibal POV, some Will POV :3

Chapter Notes

I give BIG thanks to all the ABSOLUTELY DELISH comments ya'll have bequeathed upon me!!! :33333

It hath taken me a lil to update, but huzzah, a chaptiere!
-Fear not, tis not an April's Fools joke despite the date upon which it has been posted XD I didn't make that connection until someone commented abt it tbh 🤣

hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will’s vision swam with his pulse, spots of white dancing across his line of sight as his breathing stuttered and hitched out of sync from anything close to a normal rhythm, his lungs spasming as he grew shorter and shorter on breath. It felt like the walls - the *fingers* - around him were closing in even though he knew they weren't - yet. He could feel the giant's steadily beating pulse thrumming through his skin.

Those thick, opaque curtains that’d always seemed to be draped over the human’s eyes had been pulled back. Not much. Barely at *all,* honestly.

But it'd been enough.

Enough for Will’s heart to skip erratically in his chest as cold, knowing dread sunk deep into his terrorized bones. Just his single, trapped look into the giant’s eyes before he managed to tear his gaze away with a choked gasp and a frame-racking shiver was enough for Will to know with absolute surety that he wouldn’t be escaping so easily a second time. More than that, though, was that any and all hope he might’ve stubbornly harbored about this human’s intentions were ruthlessly crushed. Ground down to ashes.

There was too much *interest* in the Doctor’s gaze. A fascination too complex to be called childlike but similar enough in the way kids - at least in their cases *unwittingly* - held a lack of regard for any perspective but their own. It wasn’t a surface level thing; it wasn’t just a desire to know or understand what Will was - something that would’ve been expected from *any* human who captured a borrower. No, while that was definitely there too, the look in the giant’s eyes penetrated past Will’s skin and made him feel like the curiosity in there went deep enough to want to peel his flesh off his bones to look at the exposed muscles and pulsating organs beneath.

It wasn't just fascination, either. There was something almost... *giddy,* in the Doctor's expression. Nothing so immature as the word suggested, but it was almost like, for the first time in who knew how long (in far too long), the giant had found something (found *Will)* that could alleviate him of his perpetual, inescapable boredom. From the monotony of life.

It was the worst feeling Will had been subjected to in the entirety of his time having been alive. Worse than the hatred and disgust-filled stares from his former community. Worse than the constant rejection and cold shoulders after his father's death. Worse than the feeling of being an entirely, inescapably singular existence that would never be accepted by another before his ultimate demise. Will would take any of it - *all of it* - over this. Over undeniably having captured the full, merciless attentions of nothing short of an apex predator.

And even with the revelation and all the horrific contemplations brought with it, Will doubted more than a single layer had been temporarily pulled back from the multilayered facade that this giant constantly wore, and so he was left to his stomach-churning imaginations as to what else could be hidden underneath the human’s mask - what else was tucked away from view that would play a part in the plans the monster undoubtedly had for his latest capture.

-

The little creature appeared to be panicking.

After it had met Hannibal's gaze for all of a moment in which it looked like nothing less than a rabbit caught in a hunter's trap, true panic seemed to have invaded the being to its very core. It had seen something within Hannibal's eyes, and he was *itchingly* curious as to what.

He would not push now, however. No, Hannibal assured himself there would be plenty of time to uncover the truth of the matter later. For now, he did not know when he would be given another opportunity such as this, with his little creature so lost within its own depthless fright that it seemed to have temporarily forgotten the situation it was currently in to have *instilled* such a profound terror within it in the first place.

So Hannibal savored the long seconds that stretched into minutes by simply watching his diminutive captive tremble within his grasp.

Its eyes had taken a glazed hue, though not due to dissociation, as its emotions were far too prevalently seen for it to have detached itself from its current predicament. Its cheeks were flushed a ruddy, splotchy red, and its tiny, pink mouth was parted open to take in gasping, hitching breaths that were so quiet in pitch Hannibal hardly heard every other one. Its matted hair remained in place atop its head except for a few loose curls that trembled with its form, the brown ringlets hinting at what comprised the creature's mud-caked, tangled locks. Its thin arms and legs remained rigid in his grasp, its upper limbs tucked as close to its body as it could manage while its shoe-clad feet dangled limply beneath Hannibal's fist.

A slight tightening of his grip showed no sign of rousing the poor little thing from its panic-induced haze, though its body did flinch at the renewed, further restraining contact around its form. Hannibal brushed aside the urge to continue squeezing down until the creature acknowledged him. *Patience.*

All in due time.

After all, doing such a thing now wouldn't be conductive in bringing him towards his most recently formed goal of gaining information straight from the source.

Briefly, indulgently, Hannibal's thoughts turned inward, and he allowed his fantasies to run free.

It had taken him less than a moment upon recapturing his little stowaway to realize the opportunity the creature posed. The odds of it being a unique, singular existence were of course possible, but he felt such a likelihood was slim at best. No, the far more likely truth was that either this creature was a human that had been shrunken down or an entirely new species that had remained unmentioned to the public and unheard of by Hannibal - until now.

While the former option was a genuine possibility - that this humanoid little being was indeed human but somehow had been shrunk - Hannibal severely doubted it to be the case. There was... *something* about the creature, something distinct, almost animal, innate, that had the psychiatrist instinctually rejecting the notion. It was not only the little thing's *size,* after all, that made it so peculiar. Already, there were a multitude of minute inconsistencies to suggest as much, and Hannibal felt a heady curl of anticipation within him at the thought of discovering more.

Ultimately, this left the last option as being the most plausible: this creature belonged to a species of its own.

And that in turn meant that there were more of its kind. More of these delicate little creatures, so human-like and yet so preciously small, that Hannibal could find. The thought of it - of having an entire collection of these tiny things (and Hannibal brushed aside the notion of whether they would be deserving of his particular... *tastes* as a thought for another time) for him to pluck from whenever he sought the visceral feeling consuming one would undoubtedly have upon him...

The heavy lids of Hannibal's eyes briefly fell shut. His tongue darted forwards to wet his lips as he swallowed, another deep inhale of the heady, delectable scent wafting from the creature imprisoned within his grasp.

Perhaps Hannibal would keep his first capture. As a trophy, a commemoration to the beginning of it all. His little prize that had unwillingly led a predator into a den of mice, forced to watch its own kind be glutted upon as if they were the finest of delicacies from where it sat alone in its gilded cage, never knowing when fate would take its turn upon it.

Hannibal shivered pleasantly, languorously attempting to focus back on the very subject of attention as he brushed aside his reverie. He did not yet know if the creature had any intelligence to it past a basic comprehension of the human tongue, let alone the ability to *communicate* using the language. The hedonistic daydream of his had undoubtedly been rather premature, he could freely admit. It did not make it any less appealing.

Idly, he clicked his tongue as he noticed his little prize's delicate head had lulled to the side as if the creature was having trouble supporting the heft of it, its lashes fluttering tellingly. It

would seem Hannibal had left his prey to stew too long in its fear-saturated thoughts, for the call to unconsciousness appeared to be approaching it in its likely panic-driven, oxygen-deprived state.

Gently, he stroked the pad of a finger against the matted hair of its scalp, tracing downwards and letting his digit rest warmly against the first knob to its thin spine, just below its even more fragile neck. It shivered under his touch, and Hannibal allowed his lips to curl into a minute, private smile.

When he next spoke, his voice was rough and his accent thicker than before; he softly murmured, "Come now, none of that, little one." His finger slid away, and he quietly sighed as his tiny treasure fell fully limp against his palm despite Hannibal's gentle retribution.

It would seem a *different* plan would first have to be put in action.

-

In the haze of Will's thoughts, he failed to notice his vision growing spottier and spottier by the second, his sight swimming in and out of focus as his breaths grew thin and reedy.

An overbearingly warm presence made itself known against the nape of his sweat-damp neck, and then that too was gone, leaving a chill in its wake.

It was only as a low, murmuring voice spoke - one that Will failed to understand with his pulse throbbing so loudly in his ears that it drowned everything else out - that he came back to himself enough to realize what was happening, a spark of dulled panic fizzling in his mind. It wasn't enough to rouse him, to bring a full breath of air into his shriveled-down-to-nothing lungs.

The last thing he saw as his vision faded to black were two dark, maroon eyes pinning him in place, and the last thing he thought as he slumped fully into the flesh surrounding him was that he hoped he wouldn't wake up for whatever horrors that would be in store for him.

Chapter End Notes

Hannibal: Hm, yes, reveal to me your brethren so I may feast upon them
Will:

It brings me pure JOY to hear your thoughts!!!!!!!

End Notes

insta @pinkdeviant

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